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CHANLER'S STRANGE BIAS.

Mr. Chanler is too courteous to go after the machine Republic of this State hammer and tongs, and he is too dignified to rep to Mr. Hughes, but he does not hesitate to say, as Thomas F. Ryan might say, that the Public Service Commission act confers too much power upon the Governor.

Subject always to the restraint of the courts, it is hardly possible for a wise and honest Governor to have too much power in dealing with public service corporations. Heretofore the power has been on the side of the franchise-holding companies. Created by the people for the service of the people, they were greater than the people. They defied regulation. They did as they pleased. They were accountable to nobody. They plundered investors and they practised extortion upon their customers.

It is a strange bias, prejudice or whim which impels an honest man like Mr. Chanler to go before his fellow citizens with a plea that might easily have originated in the offices of the traction looters. The Public Service Commission was created to perform a necessary duty. They need more power, energy and devotion rather than less. They have a great work to do. Men who aspire to high office in the State, especially Democrats, should make no mistake about this matter.

NEW YORK AND THE CASTROS.

New York salutes Major Carmelo Castro, of Venezuela, who is here for diversion, and only regrets that his gay elder brother, Cipriano by name and dictator by occupation, found it impossible to come with him. Cipriano's portraits show him to be dark, inscrutable, cold, and possibly imperious and cruel, but it may be that they do him injustice. Many a tyrant has been a good fellow who went wrong, and the despot business, even in Venezuela, must be trying to their nerves.

Cipriano Castro is a dictator who dictates in strict accordance with international law. A monkey is held in contempt not because he is a monkey but because he resembles a man. So the great power of Castro because he does things just as they do. New York would take a lively interest in him if he would join his brother the Mayor in the uptown district and devote himself for a few weeks to pleasure. He is the only man in the world who ever made Theodore Roosevelt shut up, and he is the only man in the Western hemisphere who ever fought a trust—the Asphalt Trust in his case—to a finish. New York yearns for him.

HUSBANDS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

We have an interesting sidelight on imperialism in the remark of Mrs. John A. Logan, who has attempted to secure the punishment of an army officer for misconduct in the Philippines. "I want the world to know about this," she says, "so that other poor women who have been saddened by the conduct of their husbands in the islands may have some protection. In civil life such things could not go on, but in the army it is different."

Mrs. Logan has been familiar with the army for many years, and if she finds that the moral standards of the service are different from those of civil life it is because imperialism here is bearing the same fruit that it always has produced elsewhere. The widow of the greatest of volunteer generals is not as young as she once was, but if she concludes to go into this affair in earnest a good many husbands in the Philippines would do well to put their houses in order with as little delay as possible.

THAW AS AN EXAMPLE AGAIN.

That reform in the administration of justice, criminal as well as civil, is of paramount importance was shown not only in the trials of Thaw, but it finds demonstration almost every day in the legal proceedings undertaken to secure the release of the prisoner. While neither the rich nor the poor should be denied a hearing on a proper showing of facts, it is plain enough that there can be no justice if there is never to be a final judgment. Thaw has been an issue ever since he killed White. Money, of course, is the only explanation. For two years he was exhibited in the courts as an example of the degeneracy and degradation of the profligate rich. Now he is in view as an illustration of the power of money to juggle with and perhaps defeat the ends of justice and public safety. It is an object lesson which ought to bear fruit.

WHAT SUPERSTITION COST HIM.

The distinguished Italian musician who refused to land at New York on the 13th of the month admitted that he was influenced by superstition, but added that, having come ashore on the 14th, he and all his family would feel better anyway. This is the sentiment that keeps most of our harmless popular superstitions alive. People feel better if they walk around a stepladder, if they see the new moon over the right shoulder and if a black cat runs across their path. Yet how can a man who has travelled 4,000 miles to see New York feel better when he reflects that he has irrevocably lost one whole day of life in this charming metropolis?

Letters From the People.

Charlotte Temple.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who wrote the history of Charlotte Temple's life? Are Charlotte's remains interred in New York? Can you tell me anything about her?
L. D.
"Charlotte Temple" was written by Miss Rowson in the early part of the nineteenth century. It is still one of the most popular novels of the time. Charlotte Temple was an English girl who came to America for love of a man who proved unworthy. She died of a broken heart. Her grave is in Trinity Church yard, New York City.

Telegraphy for Women.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read "A. F." inquiry as to where she could take up telegraphy "free" a fortnight.
WILLIAM BROWN.

The Cabinet on the Job.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Gets Into a Flatbush Crowd in a Downtown Cafe; He Tries to Be Funny and Is Made to Repent in Canarsie.

By Roy L. McCordell.



NEARBY, in the downtown cafe, stood a group of men from Flatbush and the wilds adjacent, telling how their property had increased in value in the past few years. "Put your money in real estate," declared a stoop-shouldered man; "put it in Westchester real estate; put it in Long Island real estate; put it in Staten Island real estate; in Jersey real estate! And hard times may come and hard times may go, but moths cannot corrupt nor thieves break in to steal!"

Thinking his Scriptural quotation had rounded out an unanswerable argument, the stoop-shouldered man leaned back against the bar and quaffed his ginger ale.

"By George, you're right!" said another member of the group, and the others present shook their heads profoundly, as if to imply that they would also put their money in real estate—when they got the money.

Mr. Jarr was at the snoring stage of his orations. "Hark for Flatbush!" he cried loudly, from his position just below the group. "Dear old Flatbush! Real place in the world! I live! Wouldn't live any other place! 'Rich'!"

Now, Mr. Jarr lived in Harlem, and his remarks

were entire pure and simple. But these who live over the bridge have no sense of satire. The men from Flatbush turned around and asked Mr. Jarr if he would join them.

"Look here," whispered Mr. Rangle, who was with Mr. Jarr, "if you are going to tank up with that bunch of nuts I quit you, see?"

"Go your way, Jack Dalton, but have a care!" replied Mr. Jarr.

Whereat Mr. Rangle, who was only waiting the chance, shook his friend and neighbor cold, and Mr. Jarr had crossed the line and was hobnobbing with the aliens from over the river.

"Look here," whispered Mr. Jarr, "I'm sure, I'm sure," mumbled Mr. Jarr, who didn't want to go too far. "Hark, don't live in Flatbush. Live in Canarsie!"

"It would do to leave him here," whispered the stoop-shouldered man, "we'll take him with us and get him safely across the bridge, anyway."

So, despite his protesting, the far Brooklynites closed

in on Mr. Jarr and bore him from the place.

On the crowded bridge platform Mr. Jarr feigned a collapse, whereat the stoop-shouldered man declared he would stand by him and see he got to Canarsie all right.

Mr. Jarr, bewildered by all these strenuous attentions, and also by his first severe fall off the water-wagon, made a few feeble efforts to escape, but the stoop-shouldered Samaritan held him fast, and Mr. Jarr ended the struggle by falling asleep in a corner seat of the train.

"Canarsie! All out!" were the words that awoke him, and he struggled to his feet at the car terminus of that straggling section.

"Lemme alone!" said Mr. Jarr, sulky and sullen. "Lemme alone! What's the intermin' in my business, hey?"

"Where do you live. Do you think you can find your way home now?" asked the Flatbush man.

"You lemme alone!" said Mr. Jarr, doggedly. "Um, goin' back to New York!"

The Flatbush man signed to the conductor, and, kindly but firmly, they deposited Mr. Jarr in Canarsie and advised him to go home, like a good fellow.

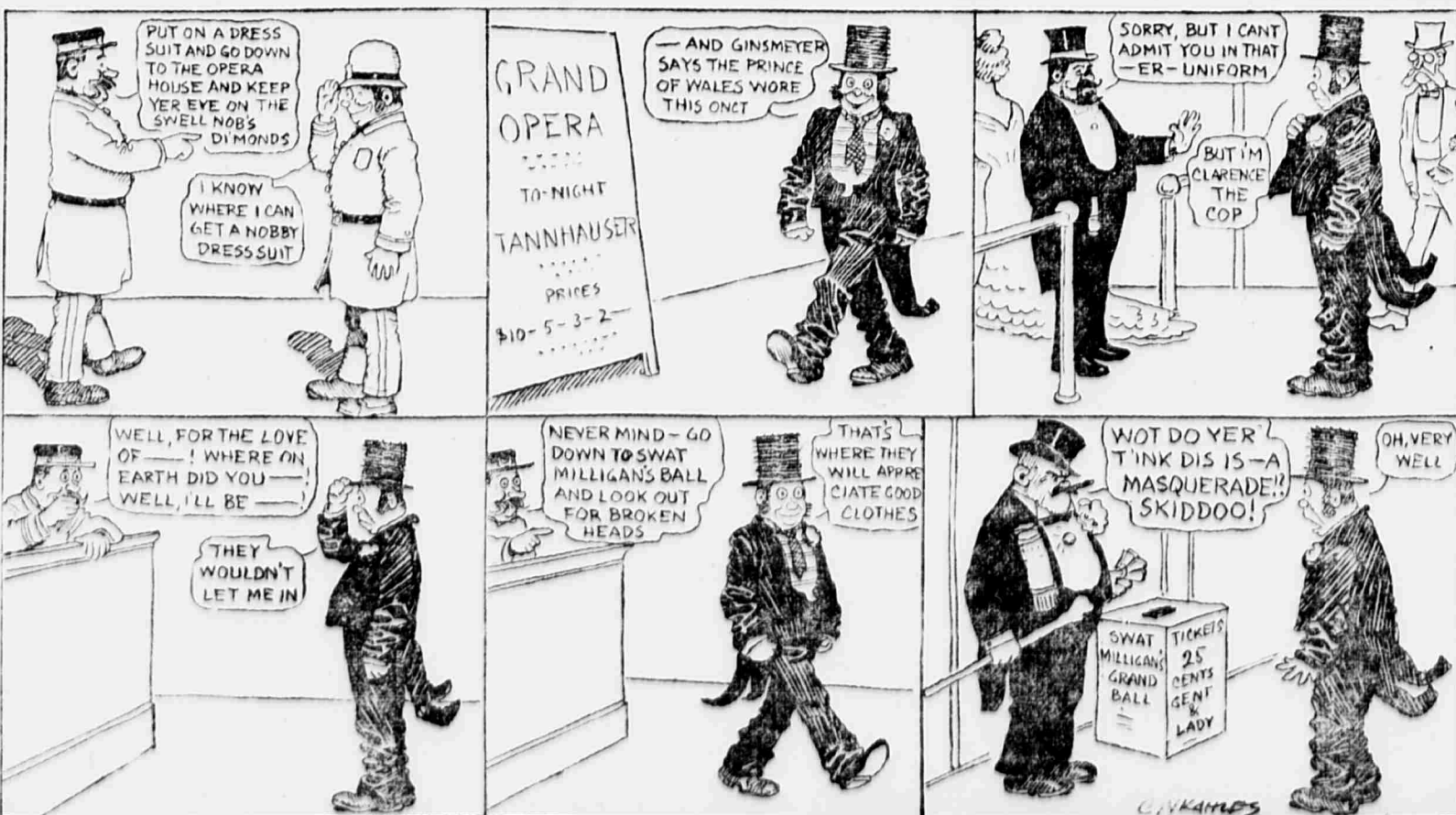
"Lemme back — this car, I'll wanna go to New York," said Mr. Jarr, doggedly.

Whereupon, knowing what was best for him, the conductor and the Flatbush man pried his fingers loose from the rail and told the starter not to let this guy, who ought to stay where he was, back on any train.

It took Mr. Jarr three hours to convince the starter, and he didn't get home until morning.

Clarence the Cop

By C. W. Kahles



Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 49—BISMARCK AND JOHANNA VON PUTTKAMER.

A WILD, gay young Prussian officer who had set his soberer neighbors aghast by his mad pranks in college and elsewhere chanced to meet a pretty German girl at a wedding in 1836. She was Johanna von Puttkamer, daughter of an old, honored family. Soon after their first meeting this big young officer, Otto von Bismarck, was lucky enough to be a member of the same party with Johanna in a tour of the Harz Mountains. He paid her constant and devoted attention. Yet such was his reputation for reckless gaiety that no one—unless perhaps the girl herself—looked on his devotion as serious.

Hence Johanna's father was amazed at receiving from Bismarck soon afterward a formal written request for his daughter's hand. "I felt," said Herr Puttkamer, in describing the matter in after years, "as if some one had hit me over the head with an axe." Aghast as he was at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead, he wrote doubtfully, and wound up his letter by giving rather grudging permission for the young lover to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home at Retzfeld. Bismarck eagerly grasped at this straw of hope. He was on the point of hurrying to Retzfeld at once when disagreeable official duty suddenly interfered, and the impatient young lover was forced to postpone the visit.

At length, however, the time came when he could leave his work. He hastened to Retzfeld. There, on his arrival, the whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. It was an awkward moment—or would have been if Bismarck had permitted. But he did not. The swift, whirlwind decision that scored his later political triumphs came now to the front, and he carried the situation by storm.

Galloping up the driveway toward the waiting family, he leaped from his horse at the door, ran forward and flung his arms about Johanna; taking no heed of her scandalized parents, catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was an accepted fact. Bismarck in his old age used to tell the story with more delight than he took in describing his statesmanship victories, and usually he would wind up by saying:

"She made me what I am!" Back to his official work went the accepted lover, consoling himself during the weeks of absence by writing long, ardent letters to Johanna. These letters show a strangely gentle, affectionate, almost playful side of the "Iron Chancellor's" stern nature. They begin usually "My Angel," "Dearest Heart" or "Most Beloved." They contain somewhat prosy descriptions of the work he was doing, the people he met, &c.; but here and there he speaks lovingly of her "blue-gray-black eyes," calls her his "Black Sun" and makes similar remarks that are hardly to be expected from a harsh soldier-statesman. In one letter he writes:

"My metaphor of the 'Black Sun' is false. Are you not rather a dark, warm summer night, with fragrance of flowers and heat-lightning?"

To the end of their married life the couple wrote each other long and loving letters every day whenever they were not together. Soon after their wedding Bismarck began to make his name known to the world at large.

Under Johanna's help and inspiration he rose behind him his gay, reckless mode of life, and rose rapidly to international greatness. Johanna made his home a haven of refuge, guarding him from all domestic annoyances and looking with motherly care after each detail of his comfort.

Once, for example, a diplomat called at Bismarck's palace and spent an unduly long time over the visit. At last he asked his host:

"Are you never troubled with stupid guests?"

"No," replied Bismarck. "Whenever my wife thinks any one has stayed long enough to be wearisome she gets rid of the tiresome visitor by sending word that she wishes to see me at once on a matter of importance."

Hardly were the words spoken when a servant entered with a message that Princess Bismarck desired to speak with her husband immediately on pressing business.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to the Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by Helen Rowland.



B EHOOLD, my daughter, with what caution a man answerseth thy questions, yea, with what skill he dodgeth the point.

If thou inquest "Dost thou love me?" he replieth, "Dost thou not know?"

If thou asketh, "Whom hast thou kissed before me?" he answereth, "Wouldst thou have me talk about other women?" And thou art stilled. Yea, though he hath told thee nothing thou art silenced. And he chuckleth in his sleeve.

For a man regardeth a woman's questions as a trap and he treadeth warily the path of her conversation. At the art of near-love-making is he an expert; even at the science of saying much and promising nothing.

Yet a love just out of college sometimes morneth what he saith; but a seasoned bachelor is like unto a phonograph; he repeateth the same old love-words unto one woman and then unto another until they become a habit; even as the multiplication table repeateth he them by heart, but without heart interest.

Yea, only a married man talketh like Laura Jean Libbey and Elmer Glyn, for he knoweth that he is safe.

For though a man's name be Smith and his income fifteen per, though his face be as a wooden Indian's and his garments fit as hand-me-downs, yet he regardeth himself as a lamb which thou wouldst shear of his liberty, even as a rabbit which thou wouldst ensnare. For every man thinketh himself a prize! Selah!

Newest Notes of Science.

A LTHOUGH the name of Pasteur generally is associated with the treatment of hydrophobia, which he discovered, he also discovered the way to kill the micro-organisms which sour new wine, and an effective remedy against the parasites which kill silkworms before they spin their cocoons.

At a cost of nearly \$5,000,000 the British Admiralty will construct a line of huge concrete blocks at Spithead to force vessels to use a defined channel. Naval manoeuvres have shown that it is possible for small craft to creep up to the shore at night.

Astronomers of note are inclined to the theory that the eighth satellite of Jupiter, discovered last winter, is the missing Lexell comet, last seen in 1779, close to the planet.

Paradoxical as it may seem, farmers' wives of Berks County, Pa., keep sweet corn perfectly fresh all winter by salting it down in stone crocks or cedar tubs. England makes threepence profit on every shilling minted.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

Flippancy Easy.

R EBBLY HITCHCOCK, the brilliant flippant, at a dinner in Bar Harbor attacked flippancy in criticism. "It is as distressingly easy" as flippant," Mr. Hitchcock said. "Without any difficulty one can take up a beautiful work of art, apply a little flippancy to it, and, lo, it becomes silly and ridiculous."

A good example of this is Ruskin's criticism of Kingley's beautiful lines: "They rowed her in across the rolling foam, The cruel crawling foam."

Ruskin in a lecture related these excellent lines in a scornful voice, then made the comment:

"Gentlemen, the foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl!" "Now, that was very telling in a flippant way, but don't the lines remain beautiful for all?"

Legal Language.

"YOUR act," stated the lawyer, "is declared to be deplorable, intentional, willful, obstinate, evil, anarchistic, wanton, malicious, autocratic and menacing."